

THE
Birth-Day of FOLLY,

A N
HEROI-COMICAL POEM,

By PETER:

George Alexander Stevens

With NOTES VARIORUM,

For the illustration of historical passages relating to the Hero of the
Poem, and other remarkable Personages.

*O sacred weapon, left for Truth's defence
Sole dread of Folly, Vice and Insolence!—Pope.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*.

MDCCLV.

THE

BIRD-DOY



American Antiquarian Society
A N

HERONOMICAL P.O.M.

WILLIAM H. H. VANCE

For the illustration of historical and geographical maps of the
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T O

Sir Orlando Furioso, Bart.

This P O E M

Upon F O L L Y

Is humbly inscribed,

By his most Obedient Servant

P E T E R.

TO

Mr. John F. Johnson, Bk.

THE P. O. BOX

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

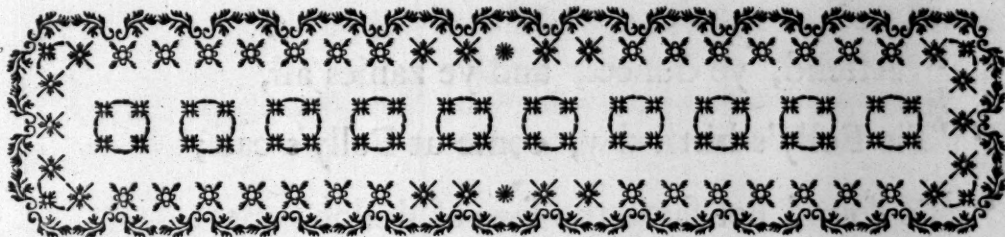
NEW YORK

P R E F A C E—by T I M.

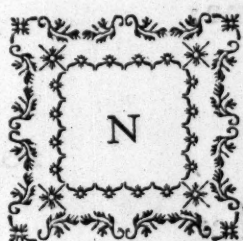
WHEN we are delighted with the writings of an author, as I make no doubt but every sensible reader of the following poem will be, we naturally have a desire to be acquainted with his private history and character; that this observation is true, is manifest from its having been made fifty thousand times, and therefore it shall serve me to introduce the very brief account I shall at present give of poor Peter, the Author of this excellent Satire—Know then, gentle Reader, Peter was born in the north of England, of honest though but poor parents, and educated at a good Grammar-School, from which his Father, against Peter's inclinations, took him away to bind him apprentice to a Tanner, an occupation he did not greatly approve, for he could never endure the smell of hides; he had not been in this situation above a year before his Father died, upon which Peter run away from his Indentures, and went and resided some time with an intimate acquaintance who had been his school-

school-fellow; this person was a man of polite taste, and a good classical scholar: by his conversation Peter so greatly improved his genius, which was naturally poetical, that he composed several Pastorals and some rural descriptions, by which he acquired great reputation—The Love of Glory, and an ardent desire to converse with the Learned, brought him up to Town the latter end of the year 1753: He flattered himself that he should be able to procure a comfortable subsistence by his scattered poetical performances; but alas he was mistaken! for that kind of merit is not now encouraged—all the money he ever received for his works was only one Guinea of a Bookseller for an excellent Poem, by which I have heard the Proprietor got a hundred. This general discouragement depressed his spirits to such a degree, that it threw him into a sort of a melancholy, which in a short time put a period to his existence, for he died the beginning of this month to the inexpressible grief of all his acquaintance—In his Box was found fairly transcribed for the press, a Poem in two Books, the first of which we now submit to the Public; if it meets with encouragement the second may shortly make its appearance—

Antelope Ally, March 25, 1755.



THE
Birth-Day of FOLLY,
AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM,
With Notes Variorum.



OW dawns the day to Folly ever dear,
And deem'd by her the fairest of the year,
April's first morn, distinguish'd for her birth;
To sloth she gives the day, the night to mirth.
Her herald, Lauder, vehement and loud, 5
Brays out this proclamation to the crowd:

Verse 5. Her herald, Lauder, &c.] William Lauder a Scotchman, who lately sacrificed himself to the Manes of Milton.

A

“ Attend,

" Attend, ye dunces, and ye zanies all,
 " 'Tis Folly's birth-day, come at Folly's call;
 " To found her fame the sons of dullness meet
 " At sev'n o'clock precisely in Hart-street; 10
 " Come when the hooting Owls begin their flight,
 " For Folly keeps her holyday at night.

Close by that theatre of high repute
 Where Quin so well perform'd the part of Brute;
 Where M——n, late the stage's dullest tool, 15
 Once play'd old Shylock, but now plays the Fool;
 A fabrick rose, magnificent of frame,
 Which from this grand Projector took its name:
 As to the music of the damn'd that fell
 Rose Pandemonium on the plains of hell, 20
 So of this pile, 'tis thought, in some ill weather
 Rich's Orchestra fiddled it together.

Ver. 20. Rose Pandemonium &c.] See *Paradise lost*, B. 1.

Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.

Here

Here on a Sofa of goose-feathers made,
 Lo! half-fupine luxurious Folly laid:
 Pow'rful to lull the most enliven'd sense, 25
 This Sofa was the gift of Indolence:
 Her little left eye twinkles to the light,
 But open'd wide, and goggling is her right:
 Down from her collar to her bosom bare
 Her bells hung pendent like a solitaire: 30
 High o'er her ear, light-wavering to the gale,
 She wore the plumage of a peacock's tail,
 Which, nodding o'er her round unmeaning face,
 Gave to her front the French, fantastic grace.
 Full fat and fair she waddles in her gate, 35
 And lisps so pretty that she loves to prate;
 Her ears she pricks up to herself to list,
 And sputters all her meaning in a mist.
 Wise in conceit she seems, for all the while
 Her face is dimpled with a foolish smile. 40
 A painted fan her fickleness declares,
 Which waving gives the idiot Goddess airs;

She flirts it to a sceptre of command;
And grasps an English Plautus in her hand.

But hark! what sounds my trembling ears dismay; 45
The screech-owls hoot, the long-ear'd brethren bray;
Loud squeal the cat-calls with discordant strain,
The sport of Folly, but the poet's pain.
The signal giv'n, all Boobies hear the call,
(The feast of Folly is a feast for all) 50
Titt'ring they run — tall T — — r heads the rout,
And swells his high harangue with many a round about:

“ Most potent Queen, with heart-dilating glee
“ I greet the day benign to You and Me —
“ That dire *Glaucoma* which your eye bedims 55
“ This hand *deterges*, *despumates* and *skims*

Ver. 44. *English Plautus*] A grievous mistake of the transcriber! I never beheld Plautus in English: there is indeed a Gentleman, Mr. Thomas Cook of South-Lambeth, as remarkable for his singular modesty, as for the brilliancy of his Genius, or the accuracy and sobriety of his Judgment: he wrote a poem called *the Battle of the Poets*, in which he very judiciously gives Philips and Welfsted the superiority over Swift and Pope; he, I say, has taken in subscription-money for a translation of Plautus into English, I very well remem-

ber he had a guinea of me, but I never heard that the book was publish'd, therefore, it cannot be *English Plautus*: wonderful, on this occasion, is the sagacity of Mr. Cibber junior, who reads *English Plutus*, that is, a comedy of Aristophanes translated by Mr. Tibbald or Theobald; quam vide at the Trunk-maker's in St. Paul's church-yard. *Scriblerus*.

Ver. 50. — a parody on a line of Pope's;
“ The field of glory is a field for all.”

Dunc. 2. ver. 32.

“ Great

“ Thanks to my stars that sent me here to-day
 “ To purge from films opaque your visual ray;
 “ Pay but ten pieces—that my constant rate is;
 “ One shilling and this *syllabus* comes *gratis*. 60
 “ Great in the art no falsehoods I maintain;
 “ In France I’m honour’d, and ador’d in Spain:
 “ In Prussia, Poland, Portugal I’m known;
 “ Sweden and Denmark ring with my renown:
 “ Of me strange things all Germany relates, 65
 “ For I’m admir’d thro’ all her hundred states:
 “ Bohemia, Muscovy I’ve travell’d o’er,
 “ Kingdoms where Doctors never went before:
 “ Full well these foreign Courts my pains requite,
 “ They chuse me member, and they dub me Knight; 70
 “ The Patents of the Dignities I’ve won
 “ Are all lodg’d safely with my darling Son.
 “ Your gracious Majesty has heard, I hope,
 “ I’m Oculist-Physician to the Pope,

“ Besides

Ver. 74. *I'm Oculist-Physician*] In the Daily Advertiser of January 31, 1755, the Doctor thus modestly speaks of himself.—Rome, Dec. 27. The Chevalier Taylor, celebrated Medicine Oculist to their Imperial Majesties, the Kings of Great Britain, Poland, Sweden, Denmark,

- “ Besides (think not I dare your Highness *bum*) 75
 “ To every Sov’reign Prince in Christendom:
 “ So well all Europe knows me and my works,
 “ Next month I’ll shew my parts among the Turks;
 “ Now, now’s the lucky time to cure your sight,
 “ This wonder-working needle sets it right: 80
 “ Consult with me, great Queen, nor more regard
 “ That d—d tar-water, or the pills of Ward.

He spoke, and turning carelessly display’d
 His golden badge of honour, and brocade.

Denmark, and to all the sovereign Princes in Europe, arriv’d a few weeks since in this capital from Muscovy; the morning after his arrival was presented to his Holiness; the reputation he has acquir’d here from the successes he had with the Princesses of Ruspuly, Justinana, and with many other illustrious personages, together with a number extraordinary of the subjects of this country. The Pope has not only been pleas’d to grant him three different audiences, but has declared him, by Patent, Medicine Oculist to his Person and Court, and to give him yet a greater mark of his favour, has caused him to be made Chevalier of his court, to be received as a member of the Roman senate, and a fellow of the Roman university. The Patents of these dignities, together with all the others he has received from the courts and univer-

sities abroad, are in the hands of his son in London. By a list it appears, that the Chevalier is now Physician-Oculist (by Patent) to six crown’d heads, to near twenty sovereign princes; member of almost all the universities, academies, and societies of the learned in Europe. That he is the author of 24 different works that he has wrote himself in different languages, three of which are published in Italian. And, to complete all, he was received as a member of the university of Padua by Order of the senate of Venice, with distinct approbation from the famous professor Morgany: And this crowned by the dignities he has received from the court and senate of Rome. The Chevalier will direct his course through Italy, where he will end his tour through all Europe. *Medicus sum.*

The

The simp'ring Queen embrac'd her won'drous son, 85
 And thus with sneer farcaftical begun :

“ Go on, and prosper, great *exotic* Knight,
 “ Yet shew some reverence for thy mother's fight :
 “ Tho' of that glitt'ring pendent justly vain,
 “ In France tho' honour'd, and ador'd in Spain ; 90
 “ Tho' Germans, Goths and Huns thy skill admire,
 “ And many a Nurse, and many a rural Squire,
 “ Yet I the greatest of all fools should be,
 “ Tho' Queen of dupes, to trust my eyes with thee.”

Next came, resolv'd the Goddess to trepan, 95
 Something betwixt a monkey and a man,
 (Not far behind in impudence the first)
 Who ap'd all characters, and wore the worst ;
 Expressive thrice he shook his empty head,
 Pertly address'd the dame, and thus he said : 100

“ How blest am I, illustrious Queen, to think
 “ You deign to *tip* your own dear son the *wink* ?

- " Lo! here I stand, obsequious to your call,
 " Great patron, friend, and mother of us all :
 " So keen your *Piercer*, and so sweet your smile, 105
 " You charm us at the distance of a mile.
 " To crown with high festivity the night,
 " If jest, and farce, and mimickry delight,
 " The stinglefs satire, and the idiot sneer,
 " I'll mount my rostrum, and turn *Auctioneer*. 110
 " My *Taste* consists of foolery and fun ;
 " Without your succour I had been undone :
 " To you 'tis owing that I please the great ;
 " Thro' you I eat to live, and live to eat :
 " That I the chatt'ring of maccaws exceed, 115
 " And learn queer faces from the monkey breed,
 " Like Proteus boast dexterity of limb—
 " To you I owe it all, and not to him :
 " Yours be the praise, that from my infant state
 " You taught your son to move, to grin, to prate. 120

Ver. 105. *Piercer*.] My authority for this word I take from an excellent comedy or farce called *Taste*, wrote by the ingenious Mr. Foote ; in which Lady Pentweazel very humourously says, " All my family by the mother's side were famous for their eyes ; I

" have a great aunt among the beauties at Windsor ; she has a sister at Hampton-court, a *perdigious* fine woman : she had but one eye indeed, but that was a *Piercer*—
 " that one eye got her three husbands : we were call'd the gimlet-ey'd family."

The

He ended, and prepar'd to take his stand,
 As Auctioneer, with hammer in his hand :
 The Goddess watch'd him fly, and at his head
 Hurling her Plautus, thus indignant said ;

“ Vile wretch, thou’rt much too silly for my son, 125
 “ Born on Bæotian bogs,—away, begone,
 “ Go, and reserve the squeezings of thy brains
 “ To brew small-beer, and feed the pigs with grains.
 Abasht he stood—shame fluster’d him all o’er,
 And he once blusht, who never blusht before ; 130
 Fear made him fly, and with amazing art,
 He took three strides, and jump’t into a QUART.

Next Henley came, as void of wit as grace,
 The mighty master of the sev’nfold face :
 Lo ! bronz’d in matchless impudence he stands, 135
 And spreads to heav’n his high-directed hands,

Ver. 124. *Plautus*.] Again Plautus!—
 Unpardonable is the negligence of this stupid
 transcriber: correct it again and read Plutus.
Scrib.

Ver. 128.—*brew small-beer*] Mr. F—
 is turn’d brewer, and therefore may proper-

ly be said to have converted his *choice spirits*
 into *malt spirits*. *Alexander Stevens.*

Ver. 132. QUART.] That is a quart bottle :
 O reader bless thyself that thou art at last
 come to the discovery of the person who did
 not jump into a quart bottle. *Ignoramus.*

Tremendous with his broad, black eye-brows bent,

As if on some infernal plot intent :

Such is his figure, when with pray'r's obscene,

And many a slice of blasphemy between, 140

He weekly mounts his stall, while Justice sleeps,

And rebel to his God a horrid sabbath keeps.

But hark! he hums, and hems, his voice to clear,

Turns up his eyes, and bellows in her ear:

“ Auspicious Goddess, whose benign defence 145

“ Screens all the dull, and destitute of sense,

“ Pleas'd ev'n to smile propitious on thy son,

“ Who lives by nonsense, ribaldry, and pun,

“ Who virtue, and religion turns to sport,

“ Chaplain domestic I attend thy court. 150

“ For thee, alas! what plagues have I endur'd?

“ What bruises suffer'd that can ne'er be cur'd?

“ From kicks, and cudgels, thrashings, thwacks, and thumps,

“ From airy blankets, and from wat'ry pumps?

Ver. 141. *Justice* ——— who always takes a nap in an evening.

“ To

- " To prove these sad assertions are too true 155
 " Behold from head to foot I'm black and blue.
 " In thy old cause I rhyme, and roar, and drink,
 " And write about thee, and about thee think ;
 " And wilt not thou, O Queen, my soul's delight,
 " All these my suff'rings, all my pains requite? 160
 " Consider well my case, and weigh my plea,
 " And *fix me snug in some pacific See*.
 " Mean while this book, my *Coup de grace*, receive,
 " 'Tis all at present that I have to give,
 " That sends at once, like magic's pow'ful spell, 165
 " The foes of Folly, and of me to hell :
 " This is Clare-market's glory and its joy,
 " And daily conn'd by ev'ry butcher's boy ;
 " Cleavers and marrow-bones its praises spread —
 " I hold it meet by Folly to be read. 170

At this the Queen with laughter shook her sides,
 And thus the boozy Orator derides ;

Ver. 157. *rhyme, and roar, and drink*] see
Dunciad, b. ii. ver. 425.

How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink—

" Think'ft thou the labours of thy brain can be
 " Unknown, my Chaplain and Buffoon, to me?
 " Which oft with pity I have ponder'd o'er, 175
 " Where I myself fo large a portion bore?
 " Heav'n knows what forrows caufe my heart to ach,
 " That Henley thus fhould fuffer for my fake!
 " My doughty Champion whom I hold fo dear,
 " The jolly friend of butchers and of beer : 180
 " Yet, yet proceed, with zeal my caufe defend,
 " To fcountrels only, and their friends, a friend;
 " Scorn law, and fenfe, and all their weak attacks,
 " I'll foon appoint thee Bifhop to the Blacks.

Laft of her fons, this glorious fcene to clofe, 185
 M——n, the great Inquifitor arofe,
 Full of vain hopes to pocket up the pelf,
 He fmil'd fo grim as if he mockt himfelf :

Ver. 175. *Which oft with pity*] vid. Vir. l.
 ii. ver. 5.

Lamentabile---quæque ipfe miserrima vidi,
 Et quorum pars magna fui.

Ver. 182. *To fcountrels*] a parody on that

verfe of Horace, B. ii. Sat. 1. ver. 70.

Scilicet uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus amicis.

To Virtue only, and her friends a friend.

Pope.

Juft

Juſt from the Robin-hood come piping hot,
 Where once a week Religion goes to pot ; 190
 Where the learn'd Baker abſolute controuls,
 Grand Prefident, and Maſter of the *Rolls*.
 Here Barbers, Taylors, Tinkers take degrees,
 And vent their new-laid notions as they pleaſe ;
 Here, as the full-froth'd pots are puſh'd about, 195
 Prieſt-puzzling arguments are *hammer'd out*.
 This place the Goddeſs deems the beſt of ſchools,
 And aptly terms it, Paradife of Fools :
 Here ſtood vaſt volumes of her friends of old,
 Some plain, ſome letter'd, ſome trickt off in gold ; 200
 Men who had riſk'd their ears in her behalf,
 Morgan in Sheep, and Mandevil in Calf ;

Here

Ver. 189. *Robin-hood*] A Porter-houſe in Butcher Row, when every Monday a company of people meet to diſpute on all fort of topicks, particularly Religion and State-affairs. The Prefident is a Baker, who regulates the ſociety extremely well ; he fits with a hammer in his hand, and knocks any man down that ſpeaks longer than five minutes. Alexander the Corrector.

Ver. 200. *ſome letter'd*] that is, on the outside. *W. Wimple*.

Ver. 201. *riſk'd*] Mr. John Ketch reads *leſſ* their ears.

Ver. 202. *Morgan in ſheep*] Alexander the Corrector reads Morgan in Goat, aſſerting that the hide of a Goat, eſpecially with the hair on, is more properly adapted to a Welſhman than a Sheep-skin ; but this is taking it for granted that Morgan was a Welſhman — I retain Sheep with Peter, who doubtleſs had an eye to the note on this identical perſon in the *Dunciad*, B. ii. line 414. which I ſhall give

Here Tindal lay with Toland at his side,
 And Woolston here all miracles deny'd;
 But finest far, the fav'rites of the club,
 Here beam'd the works of Bolingbroke and Chubb.

205

Here

give at length——“ *Morgan*] a Writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title; for having stolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.” Whence it is plain he was a Thief, and *Thieves* are naturally *sheepish*. Tim.

Ibid. *Mandevil in calf*.] An Author who had not his name for nothing——he wrote a book called *The Fable of the Bees*, “ to prove “ that Moral Virtue is the invention of “ Knaves, and Christian Virtue the imposition “ of Fools; and that Vice is necessary, and “ alone sufficient for the Happiness of any “ Society.” *Calf indeed!* Tim.

Ver. 203. *Tindal and Toland*] Writers against the Religion of their Country, the first, Dr. Mat. Tindal, was fellow of All-Soul's College, Oxford,---and Author of a book called, *The Rights of the Christian Church*, and of *Christianity as old as the Creation*. The Doctor was not only remarkable as an Infidel, but likewise for his debauch'd Life, and blasphemous conversation: he was publicly reprimanded by the society of All-Souls, as an egregious Fornicator: see several stories relating to this last part of his character in a pamphlet, intitled *The Conduct of Mat. Tindal, L. L. D.* by a Member of All-Souls. Tindal being confin'd with sickness, was visited by a Gentleman, who asked him, *How it was with him?* Tindal replied, *He believed he*

was a dying man. Are you so, said the Gentleman, *and what do you think will become of you? why, you'll as certainly be damn'd as you are now alive*; he spoke——Tindal trembled——“ the Devils also believe and tremble.” *Furius Camillus*.

Ibid.] Toland was the Author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*. *Scrib. jun.*

Ver. 204. *Woolston*] Thomas Woolston, an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726. *Warburton*.

Ver. 206. *Bolingbroke*] Henry St. John Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, in the emblazoning of whose character Mr. Pope has well nigh lost his own: Mr. Brown in his *Essay on Satire*, speaking of Pope, very beautifully says,

Did Friendship e'er mislead thy wandering Muse?

That Friendship sure may plead the great excuse:

That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy song,

Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.

Upon the publication of this Author's posthumous works a Gentleman said, that Lord Bolingbroke had left a Blunderbuss charged with goose-shot aimed against the Morality and Religion of his Country; but being afraid to fire it himself, he hired a fellow for half a crown, one Mallet a Scotchman, to let it off after his death.——Peter himself.

Ibid. *Chubb*.] Thomas Chubb, the great Oracle of Infidels, originally a Tallow-chandler

Here lay Count Passeran, with curious notes
 To prove that Englishmen may cut their throats;
 All these great Authors, and a thousand more
 Which studious M——n had read o'er and o'er; 210
 And now propos'd t'instruct with lectures sage,
 The Law, the Church, the Senate, and the Stage,
 Dark points to settle, and with learned skill
 Reason of Fate, of Prescience and Free-will;
 Of myst'ries deep, of moral good and evil, 215
 Of trade, plays, Pasquin, Faustus and the Devil:
 Intent the Goddess stood, and ere the man
 The prologue to his colloquy began,

chandler at Salisbury: he unfortunately *turn'd*
 his *hand* to writing, and that *turn'd* his *head*.
 He wrote several tracts or treatises; that on
 Abraham's offering up Isaac is I think far
 the best: Tom's opinion of Abraham is, that
 he was an *honest, well-meaning*, but a very *filly*
fellow, that did not understand the common
 principles of Morality: who fancied he had
 a commission from God to do a very wicked
 thing. *Scrib. jun.*

Ver. 207. *Passeran*] Count de Passeran,
 Author of a pamphlet intitled, *A philosophical*
dissertation on Death, being a defence of Sui-
 cide: this man and Mr. John Morgan were
 taken into custody of a messenger in Novem-
 ber 1732, for writing the aforesaid pamphlet.
Scrib.

Ver. 214. *Fate, Prescience, &c.*] Such were
 the topicks of the fallen Angels: see Milton's
Paradise Lost, book ii. ver. 557.

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and
 Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge ab-
 solute,
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of Good and Evil much they argued then,
 Of Happiness and final Misery.
 Passion and Apathy, and Glory and Shame,
 Vain Wisdom all, and false Philosophy.

She

She snatcht a paper, wonderful to tell,
 Sign'd by old Satan, mighty Prince of Hell, 220
 Which, ting'd with brimstone, in an instant blaz'd,
 And, while the crowd with dreadful wonder gaz'd,
 (To luckless M——n's infinite disgrace,)
 As cook-maids finge a goose, she fing'd his face:
 It still retains the dark tartarian hue, 225
 Hideous and horrid, neither black nor blue:
 " Off, off, away, she cried, I've heard enough,
 " No more I'll suffer this confounded stuff;
 " Come hither every dupe and every dunce,
 " I'll stop with supper all your mouths for once." 230
 As round their Queen the drones at evening creep,
 And with mixt murmur lull the hive to sleep;
 So these the dame environ round and round,
 And every booby sends a hollow sound;
 So strong the savoury scent of supper draws,
 They clamour universally applause.

Ver. 219. *a paper*] A weekly paper, intitled, *The Devil*, wrote by one J. S — who is just as good a writer of *prose* as he is a *poet*: see him alive at Berkley-square Coffee-house. *Tim.*

And lo! ten Waiters drest like modern beaux
 In Folly's livery, parti-colour'd cloaths,
 Prompt at her whistle, a large table spread,
 Produc'd vast voiders, and a load of bread ; 240
 Three butts of beer which Parsons had supply'd
 They brought in well-tann'd jacks of good cow-hide :
 Then smoak'd the solid supper on the board,
 Such as Van Hogan Mogan might afford ;
 Beneath a cover first came store of fish, 245
 A jowl of Codd, Chubbs, Gudgeons in a dish ;
 Wit-damping puddings, tripe in butter fry'd,
 Fat chitterling and goose on every side :
 Stern at the bottom grinn'd, still breathing dread,
 The bristly horrors of a huge hog's head ;
 Pale Fribble saw the hideous monster stare,
 Call'd out for *draps*, and funk beside his chair. 250
 " Eat on, eat on, said Folly, till ye burst——
 " But, O my Chaplain, let me serve you first,
 " My friend, my deputy, my greatest fool, 255
 " You preach my dictates, and you teach my school ;

“ Compar’d with you the rest are trifling elves;

“ And therefore, noodles, ye may help yourselves.”

Quick at her word they slic’d thro’ thick and thin,

They heap’d their platters, and they laid it in, 260

So like pork-bolting boors, that Colley swore,

They cram’d as if they’d never supt before :

But long they cou’d not cram who eat so fast ;

For hungry curs are satisfy’d at last.

The bones remov’d, they briskly pusht about 265

Full pots of porter, three threads, stale and stout,

Bumpers of punch, and nipperkins of stum,

Of windy cyder, and of mawky mum.

so The potent liquors, as the bowls they drain,

Soon seiz’d the vacant regions of the brain: 270

Then Riot reign’d; with dunce encounter’d dunce,

And every fapscull shot his bolt at once :

The perfect image of a Flemish feast,

Where each dull sot is turn’d into a beast.

Ver. 251. *pork-bolting boors*] Certain men in Kent, Sussex and other southern counties, who instead of living like other men upon beef, mutton, plumb-pudding, &c. delight, when hungry, to swallow, without mastication (which they call bolting) large portions of fat pickled pork, about five inches long and two in diameter. I knew a man who at fifteen bolts devoured three pounds of good Pork. *Tim.*

’Twas

'Twas swearing, finging, rhyming, rattling, roaring 275

Of Dame Religion, Politicks, and Whoring.

So strange the hubbub, and so loud the din,

'Twas heard o'er Holbourn, and all Lincoln's-Inn;

It reach'd industrious Welsh, who took the cue,

And soon assembled his thief-catching crew, 280

Full fifty Bruisers resolute and rough,

Some clad in buckram, and some clad in buff,

Like English rusticks who no *taste* profess,

They came *sans ceremonie, sans politesse,*

Seiz'd every guest, and in Round-house secur'd, 285

Or in the Counter, durance vile, immur'd,

There to consume the *spunging* night in sorrow,

And stand before Sir Radamanth to-morrow:

There may no Buggs their tedious hours molest,

While with the writer all his readers rest. 290

Ver. 279. *Welsh.*] The High-Constable of Holbourn-division, a person who deserves well of the community for his vigilance and success in bringing to justice all offenders against the peace and welfare of the Publick.

F I N I S.

